

Lyn kept insisting that she was OK, but said that she wanted to go back to the cabin. I said I'd go, too, and we walked the short distance back with a counselor. Lyn went to the nurse's cabin to spend the night. On the way back to camp, Lyn kept forgetting things and people. The only one she "knew" or remembered was me, so she kept asking me who this person was and that person.

I would then remind her all about this person or that person and she'd say, "Oh, yeah." The next morning I went down to the nurse's cabin and Lyn and I walked to the mess hall. She was glad to see me since I was her memory board to lead her back into the world. She was remembering things a little better, but there was still a lot of forgetfulness and many more questions.

The camp had called Lyn's parents who came the next day. They were very concerned. Yes, she "knew" them (sort of). I think that if you suffer a brain trauma from such an injury that the doctors look at the size of your pupils to check you out. If one pupil is normal size, but the other one is huge, you possibly have bleeding going on inside the brain. Not a good sign.

As I recall, Lyn's pupils leveled out and she was happy to be able to stay at camp. What a lesson we all learned from her freak accident. That lesson is: a softball that bounces squarely off the top of your head can have serious consequences. The moral to this story is, Keep Your Eyes Open and be Ducking Ready. Another moral is, Don't take up Boxing for a sport.

Keeping having fun at camp, Camper Charlene. Soak up lots of adventures so you can write and draw about it later.

Much love and God's blessings from your GAP

LçZ  
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